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The Dust Mote Dance

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Juliann Hilton

The Dust Mote Dance

The wind whistles past the window
but inside it is too warm.

From the ceiling vents drift dust
motes,

swaying, spinning to the wind's
tempo,

moving musically, like sound in
form—

higher on the spin, slower as they
float down.

The dust motes dance

the air currents—their ballroom

the storm outside—the orchestra

And I, the captivated child

wishing she could emulate

such graceful

twirls.